

What if?

by KuroYumedesu

Category: Hamatora/ãf•ãfžãf^ãf©

Genre: Fantasy, Romance

Language: English

Characters: Art

Status: In-Progress

Published: 2014-08-13 23:41:27

Updated: 2014-09-23 03:55:25

Packaged: 2016-04-27 05:13:53

Rating: T

Chapters: 11

Words: 7,062

Publisher: www.fanfiction.net

Summary: This is a MinimumHolder!readerXArt story. I am updated with the anime, so, it will try to flow with the episodes.

1. Chapter One (Context)

This is a ArtXMinimum Holder!Reader Story. This begins from Hamatora, into Re: Hamatora. Your abilities will not be named right now. So, you will get some surprises. Yay! You are in a complicated relationship with Art. It isn't really like a dating thing, it it might get there? This is very Short, I know, but this is sort of, getting you acquainted with the idea. I am aware of the complexities of Art as well as the idea of the whole Minimum holder thing, but it will work out.

2. Chapter Two (New Beginnings)

I hate this You run. You jump. You reach. *I hate this* You think, continuously. *I hate it here* Where are you here? Your parents didn't want you. You were a freak, even without the power of being a Minimum holder. *I hate this* You take tests, easily passing. *Why does this continue?* You don't know how to stop. It just gets worse. The power grows. It just increases. *Why am I alive?* They won't end it... *I don't want to be here* So, you leave. That is how it is. However, before you leave, they say something. "You shouldn't be alive."

As you walk away from the Academy, you whisper, " I know that..." You always knew. It was always too easy. The strongest female to ever become a Minimum Holder, your power even beat the last first. Nice, he was called. You didn't know who he was, but that didn't matter. Your power, it was strange. You were strange. Just in general. There were certain things that happened when you did use your Minimum. However, you are just ordinary, and you loved it. Walking, for what seemed like hours, you walk to a bank. *As, him.* It was Nice, he was

trying to withdraw money, next to him was a little girl. "Uh sir..." He was on the phone. You just wait behind him, in a few seconds the matter is resolved. So, this is the power of Nice, 'first' highest graduate of Facultas Academy. Someone walks in, your reflexes kick in and you punch him. "I'm so sorry!" Nice runs over to him, helping him up. The man keeps saying he is fine.

"I'm so sorry, I just did that on impulse..."

"It is fine, I don't believe I suffered any harm." Nice looks at you quizzically. Without knowing what to do, you smile.

"Nice to meet you."

"Nice to meet you too, this is Nice and I am Art, what is your name?" You panic a bit. *they can just learn my other name right?* You've had several.

"My name is Yuki. Pleasure to meet you both." Again, you smile. You notice the awkward pause between the three of you, and Nice decides to get his money. Following him, you receive yours and quickly walk out. Walking further down the street you feel a hungry, so you walk into a bar/restaurant. You see a girl perk up and say, "Are you here for Hamatora?"

"No, I'm not.. I just assumed this was a bar/restaurant, given it was on a sign outside..." You see Nice with the same little girl as before. *why, why did it have to be here?* You walk in and sit down, not before looking around a bit. You meet eyes with Nice and quickly look down. You don't know him, he doesn't know you. *calm down...it will be fine...* You hear someone walk over to you. Looking up you see Nice. *Just try and act normal...* "Hello?" You try giving him a smile.

"Hey, weren't you the girl who accidentally punched Art?"

"Ah, that, I still feel quite bad about that whole incident."

"I'm sure it's fine, anyway...Do I know you?" You stand up quickly. Knocking the chair over.

"No!" You say shaking your head. "N-N-Not at all!" You quickly walk out. *he can't know me, I was a secret...* You walk down the street and sit down at a park bench. *or...did he notice me?* The possibility is there, not to mention, he is very intellectual. You feel a presence next to you. Looking over, you see, the man you punch before. You jump up quickly, "Oh! You're the man- I- I'm so sorry about that..." You look away."

"Oh, that's alright, I probably should have said something."

"No, no, I was completely out of line." He points to the empty space next to him on the bench.

"Please, sit." You take up his offer. "Thank you..."

"I've never seen you before, are you new here?"

"Ah, sort of.." *what should I say?* "I grew up here and moved away, I just recently came back."

"I see, well it was a pleasure seeing you again."

"Again?" *does he know?*

"Yes, again, the time before, when you punched me..."

"Ah! I see..." You laugh nervously, you don't want it to happen again.

3. Chapter Three (Meeting Again)

You spend the next couple days visiting that bar and trying too find a place to stay. Suffice to say, that you have not really slept... You stumble a bit and steady yourself against a wall. "Are you okay?" You look up and see Art.

"Y-yes, I'm fine." *Nope, I am not fine*

"I really think you should go to a hospital."

"No! I'm just tired is all..." Your vision seems to blur and everything is consumed in darkness. You hear "Hey?!" Then nothing.

Do you want to change you fate?

Yes...

Do you truly want to?

Yes..

You'll be hated...

That's okay...

You might die...or kill...someone...again...

Wh-what?

You did it! You killed them! You killed them! Killed them..Killed...

You wake up panting, and sweating. "Are you alright?" Art looks at you concerned.

"I-I'm fine..." You look around and see you are on a bed in a small room. "Where am I?"

"This is my place."

"Oh! I'm so sorry, I'll leave..." You start to get up and he places his hand on your shoulder.

"No, you need to rest."

"But-"

"Just, lay down for a few minutes, okay?"

"Al-alright..." He smiles.

"Well, I have to go, the station called me. There is some food in the refrigerator, and when you leave you can just lock the door behind you."

"Um, are you sure it's okay to leave a stranger alone in your home?" He looks at you for a minute. "Uh?"

"It's fine, you don't seem like a bad person.." *That is not a good way to justify anything* He leaves and closes the door behind him. You stay in the bed for a few minutes and then get up. You look around, it's a bit messy. You don't want to touch anything. You go to the fridge and see, not that much food, or anything homemade... You decide to do a little shopping, you can just get in through the window.. Or other means... *Definitely will not break in though* You walk outside and find a small store, you check your money. you have enough to buy a few groceries. You buy a few things for a meal, and you buy a few baking ingredients. You walk back into the house and start cooking. You make enough for yourself and extra for Art. Afterwards, you make some strawberry shortcake. You place both the small cake in the fridge and the meal. After doing the dishes, you leave a note and walk out.

Art's point of view

I finish up some work and drive home. I walk in and smell a wonderful scent. A small note is on the made bed.

Hello Art,

I noticed you didn't have much food in the refrigerator, so I went out and bought some things. I also noticed how you had a lot of sweet things... So I made some cake and left it in the refrigerator. I hope you enjoy it!

~Yuki

I walk to fridge and take out the food, microwave it and sit down to eat it. *Mmm, it tastes good.* I quickly finish the rest of the food and take out the cake. Fresh strawberries and cream. "I wish I could thank her..." *She is very kind... I kind of want to see her again...*

Back to you

You walk further down the street and see two figures approach you. "Hey, girl, we can show you a good time.

"Yeah, why not come with us?"

"No thank you."

"Come on, we can show you a really good time."

"Yeah." You corner you, *I do not want to beat them up... Oh well.*

This spoils some things so we skip it and see later

You brush off your hands and walk away from the knocked out bodies. It's night time, another night without sleep. You stay up looking at the stars. The next day, you walk to the same bar and order some tea, really, really strong tea.

4. Chapter Four (New Home)

Sipping on your tea you overhear two high school students, Nice and his friend talking. You never really learned his name... You finish up the tea and pay. Walking outside you decide to go to the cemetery. Not that you had to see anyone... It was just peaceful. You walk towards it and see a man with long white hair. You walk past him, but you feel something dark from him.. Very, very dark... You look at him casually and see he is gone. *He is very dangerous.. and somewhat familiar...* You decide, no matter how stupid it may be, that you should try and brush it aside for now. However, you just couldn't.. Something about him didn't seem right. He carried the smell of blood, hate, jealousy... You sat down on a bench, consumed with your thoughts, when you felt a tap on your shoulder. You punch in that direction. "You're not going to punch me again are you?" You look over and see Art, smiling. "Oh, I'm sorry, it's a reflex. You can't trust everyone, right?"

"Of course, I just saw you here and wanted to thank you."

"For what? I didn't do much." You look down at your feet.

"For the food, and the cake. it tasted very good." You continue to stare at your feet, a bit embarrassed.

"I-I could come by and make you some food now and then."

"No, I don't want to bother you.."

"It's fine, I don't really have much to do. So, it wouldn't really be much of a bother to begin with."

"No, I couldn't really impose on you like that." You look over and see him staring at the distance. You continue to look until he notices you staring, you quickly avert your gaze. "It wouldn't really bother me.."

"What wouldn't really both you, Yuki-san?"

"Cooking for you, I mean, you DID let me stay over one night..."

"Yes, but it was only one night, you don't have to keep repaying me for that. Anyway, your parents or family members might get worried about you." You look down, not out of embarrassment. But, you felt a bit ashamed somehow. "I don't really have family."

"Then, you might not be able to relax at your home as much." You keep looking down at your feet. You start playing with your feet, by pushing them together and digging them into the dirt. "Do you not have a place to stay..?"

"Ah! Ah! It's not that I don't I just-! I mean... I... I don't..." You look down very ashamed, you can feel the heat rising to your cheeks.

"Oh! I'm sorry, I didn't mean to ask such a personal question..." He laughs a bit.

"No, it's fine... I'm sorry for offering to cook for you...' You continue too look at your feet, pushing them together. From a side view you can see him look at you for a bit, then look at the distance. You both sat there for a few minutes. "You can stay."

"Huh?"

"At my place, I can make some room."

"No! No! I could never do such a thing! It would only be a bother to you!"

"It's fine, I'll have actual meals, and you will have a place to stay. You don't have to decide right now on it." You sit there for a few more minutes.

"I-I would like to stay.."

"Hm?"

"At your place.. I would like to stay at your place..." You look up and see him smile.

"Alright, just bring your things over."

"I have all my things." He looks at you slightly confused.

"What do you mean by that?" You show him a duffel bag filled with your things. "I see. Well, let's get going."

"Wh-where?"

"Your new home." He smiles, lending his hand. You take it slowly, unsure if you should trust him. *Something seems to be hidden behind that smile of his.. Something...*

5. Chapter Five (Living Here)

You follow him to his house, keeping pace with him. HE opens the door and you walk in, "Thank you."

"It's nothing." You smile, feeling nervous. He hands you a key. "Here, so you can in and out easier."

"Thank you." You look around and see a bit of a mess.

"Let me show you around a bit." He shows you another room, the place where you were lying down. It's a home. A bit abandoned. Two rooms, one bathroom. It is small, but comfortable. "Thank you... for all that you are doing."

"Like I said, it's nothing. My home isn't much, but I hope it is comfortable."

"It's lovely." He looks at the watch on his wrist.

"I need to go to work, so you can hang out here or just go out for a bit."

"I can't thank you enough for what you're doing." You bow. He smiles and walks out. You look around and see it is a bit dusty. You look in the fridge and see some sweets, but not much. You take your, or rather.. Art's key and walk out, locking the door. You stop by the bank before shopping and get some groceries and cleaning products. You walk back to his place and start cleaning. After you finish, you see that it is nearly dinner time. You cook up some vegetables, beef, and rice. You look at a small clock and sit down on the small couch. You feel your eye lids grow heavy. The lack of sleep finally causing you to sleep.

Art's Point of view

I arrive home and smell something good. I open the door and see my home looks cleaner. I walk in, and see on the table there is food and look over to the couch. It seems Yuki-san is sleeping. I walk over to her quietly. Being careful not to be too close. *Don't want to repeat what happened last time...* She looks so peaceful, and so fragile. Sort of like a doll. I touch her cheek carefully. Her eyes start to open a bit and I take back my hand, and back away. "Oh, I'm sorry, welcome back." She yawns and rubs her eyes. I smile, "I can see you cleaned up and cooked."

"Oh, I didn't move anything." I laugh.

"It's fine, I really appreciate it." She laughs, "I was a bit nervous I would break something if I did, so.." Her laugh sounded graceful, her words were soft. She seems so fragile, so gentle. I feel something in my heart, but ignore it.

"Oh! yo should probably get some rest!"

"I'm fine."

"It isn't healthy to skip sleep." She lectures me. She cares...

"Alright, but where do you want to sleep?"

"I have blankets in my bag, and an inflatable bed."

"I'll sleep on the infl-" Before I can finish talking, she shushes me.

"No, it's your home. I would rather you slept on the normal bed." I try to argue but she wouldn't let me. So, she blew up the bed and covered herself in a blanket. I hand her one of the extra pillows I own. "Thank you." I smile. She is so grateful for such small things. I walk over to my bed and see it made very nicely. I lie down and it smells fresher. She also did the laundry. *She is very thoughtful...* My mind wanders to Minimum Holders. I quickly shake out the thoughts and sleep.

6. Chapter Six (Shopping)

(Still in Art's point of view)

I am awakened by something that smells very nice. I get up and yawn. I walk over to the kitchen area and see Yuki has already deflated the bed and folded everything up nicely. "Good morning Art-san."

"Good morning Yuki-ch-.. san." She laughs and continues making food. Today, I have nothing to do. I have a break, for once. Maybe not. I look at the small table and see she has made rice and some vegetables. She walks over and places the egg on a plate. "Ah, thank you."

"It's no problem." She sits down as well.
"Ikadakimastu."

"I-Ikadakimastu." We begin to eat. She finishes a bit earlier than me and begins to do the dishes. "I can do those."

"It's fine, I should clean up my own messes." I look at her washing the dishes and that same feeling in my chest returns. I feel unsure of what to do. "uh, would you like to go out today and do something?"

"Hm?" She sounds surprised and places the last plate out to dry. She turns around.

"We could go buy some clothes for you."

"Oh! I don't need to get any new clothes." She looks nervous.

"'When I last saw you, you were wearing the same thing..." I point to her clothes. She starts laughing nervously.

"N-n-no.. These are different."

"How?" I respond quickly. She stutters a bit.

"U'uh... well, they... They.." She looks away. "Alright, thy ARE the same clothes..."

"Then let's go out to get you some more clothes..."

"Really, I'm fine... What about your work?"

"It's fine, I have the day off.'" She looks a bit reluctant but agrees.

(Back to you)

You don't want to bother Art, he seems to have a lot on his mind. After he changes he takes you to go to a small shopping district. "I need to go to the bank first."

"Alright." You take out some money and then both of you make your way to a small clothes shop. You don't even know where to begin in shopping for clothes.

"Do you know what you want to try on?" You look at him like, "Do I look like I know what I'm doing?" He smiles, "Right... How about we try some dresses first?"

"Ah... okay?" You don't know what you match you. Instead of dresses you wander to a jeans section. You pick out a pair of black jeans. You get a white long sleeved shirt that clings to your figure a bit. Then, you get a black leather jacket and some boots that go up to your knees. You try it all on. "How is this?" You look at Art.

"It looks very nice." You smile and buy it, and get two other shirts and jeans. Two other shoes and two other jackets. He takes you to a place where you can buy undergarments. "Y-You can go n there by yourself..." He coughs and looks away, you feel the heat rising to your cheeks. You quickly walk in and buy what you need. You see a jewelry shop and both of you go in. You buy a few gold and silver chains to hang on your jeans. You also get a necklace to hang your key from. you both go to the food court and you see Art has bought something as well. "What did you buy?"

"Oh, here." He hands you the bag and you open it and see a black choker with a white jewel in the middle.

"Oh! I can't."

"Please, think of it as a welcoming gift..." You would feel bad not accepting it so you put it on. He smiles. "We should probably go back." He said looking at the time, you both walk back to his home and you put your new clothes in your bag. It has a lot of space. "Thank you for today."

"It was my pleasure."

7. JUST TO CLARIFY! XD

Okay, so I am aware of what I am doing, and I know that some of you are getting your panties in a twist, but I don't really care what you think. Unless it is constructive criticism on my writing itself. You have no need to tell me. I went over the rules, I know what I'm doing. You don't have to become rude over something like that. If I acknowledged it, then shush. Please, not only do you keep saying it, EVEN THOUGH I GOT IT. You relay it in an extremely rude manner. I don't like the idea of being restricted, it is like not being able to wear a certain color, or dress the way you want. If you have a problem with it, fine, don't bother with it. You have a problem with me? Okay, cool, have a nice life. I didn't want to address this to be mean, because I know a few of you actually support me, but for the ones who don't, DON'T READ IT IF YOU HAVE A PROBLEM! I know what is going on, I don't mind if that happens. Again, I don't like being restricted, creativity is something that can't be held back. I don't want you to bother with something you don't like. Then again, this may end up being pointless, because maybe you might keep saying it, even though I already addressed my acknowledgement. Also, please refrain from being rude to each other in the reviews, and if it seriously becomes a problem then I'LL deal with it. I have no problem with doing so. It's MY life, if you don't like being told to do what you enjoy doing a certain way, then stop. It's like telling a pianist they can't play any music except classic. yes, it does sound nice,

but something equally beautiful can come out of playing a different genre. Honestly, how would you like it if you were told you can't eat certain things, look at certain people, love who you want to love? If there is a problem, I will deal, until then, please. Shut the full cup. Thank you. Oh, and for those who are actually reviewing my stories and giving me some feedback, thank you very much, You guys are awesome. Not saying those other people aren't awesome, just I addressed it, I know what I'm doing, leave it be. ^ ^

8. Chapter Seven (Realizing)

You continue to stay with Art for a few weeks, keeping the place neat and such. However... you can't stop thinking about that man... The one with white hair... his eyes were dangerous... However, you felt something... something much larger than him was going to happen... You hope your minimum won't do anything.. Especially her... You sit down on the couch and nearly fall asleep. When you hear a door slam. You stand up and see Art, pulling on his hair with dilated. You slowly walk towards him, "Art... are you okay?" He breathes heavily, and quickly looks up, "Don't.. No.. Minimum... No..." He looks back down, unsure of what to do. You hug him. "Art... It's okay... Shh..." You feel him shiver, and you feel rage coming from him a strong hate and you step back. You get far away from him, it would be too dangerous. You step back and sit down slowly. Breathing heavily. Art seems to see you start to panic. "Yuki... are you okay?"

"STAY BACK!" You pull your hair.. calming yourself down.. No.. you can't.. not here...

"Yuki...?" You eventually calm down and look at Art.

"I'm sorry.. I just... I'm so sorry..."

"It's fine.. I shouldn't have just came in here like that."

"No... you were in pain... I just left you... In your own madness."

"No.. It reall-"

"No.. Art. I should have been there..." You stand up and put your hand on his shoulder. "Do you want to talk about it?"

"No. I'm fine." You look at him skeptically. However, you don't do anything. You know what it is like, the trouble... The pain.

The next day, he seems a bit awkward around you. You didn't sleep much because of the incident last night. After a day of thinking about it, you fall asleep on the couch. You hear the door open and close quietly. "Art?"

"..Yes?"

"Are you okay?" You hear footsteps and then a hand on your shoulder.

"I'm fine." You sense that it isn't him, you look up and see his face. *This isn't Art* "Art, I'm going to go back to sleep."

"Alright." You sense the man just stand there, a sinister feeling coming from him. You just ignore it and you hear him leave. After a few minutes you hear the door open and close quickly. You feel the Art coming in. He walks over to you and shakes you. "Yuki! Are you okay?"

You decided it would be best to act like you don't know what is going on. "Hmm? Yeah? Why wouldn't I be?" You look at him sleepily and he looks at you concerned. After a few minutes Art simply pats your head and goes to bed. After a few weeks you notice some differences in Art. He was more distant, and he was colder. You try and talk to him. "Art, are you okay?" You look at him concerned, He looks at you with cold eyes.

"Mm. "

"Art... do you hate me?"

"No." He answers simply, quickly and moves on. You sigh and feel the depression taking on you again. You sit down on the couch quietly and control your emotions. "Did I do something wrong?"

"No, I'm just busy." He smiles for the first time but you don't feel it's sincerity. You walk over to him and hug him. "I'm sorry."

He looks surprised and you let go. "Sorry.. Sorry."

"No.. It's..." He stays silent and you see color come to his cheeks. You walk away feeling a bit down. You contain your emotions...However, that could prove to be fatal for you.

One night, you two were sitting on the couch, just watching some news. "Art... Would you hate me if I was a Minimum Holder?"

"Let's not talk about this.." You already know the answer, you know that if he knew, he would hate you.

After a few weeks, Art doesn't come home once and runs around the place and leaves. Then, he never comes back. You walk to the bar and go see Nice. "Nice, we need to talk."

"Hm?"

"Have you seen Art recently?"

"Yes.."

"I need to tell you a few things..."

After a while of explaining you catch him up to speed and you tell him about Art's behavior. "Nice... what do we do?"

"You need to find him... Use your Minimum..."

"I can't... I- He'll hate me..."

"He has a Minimum."

"What?"

"Several actually..." You places your back against the wall and slowly slide down.

"Nice.. it's dangerous..."

"If we don't stop him... Than people will die, they already have..." You sigh, knowing the consequences.

"Nice, if-"

"It's okay, I know..." You close your eyes and see him, with other people, in a club-like place. "Nice, I know where he is... but I can't tell you."

"I understand. go..." You use part f your Minimum to get there. "I want to get in."

"Sorry, you need to-"

"LET ME IN!" You show a bit of a weak Minimum.

"Go ahead." You walk in and hear people talking. "Ah, look a new girl..." You feel eyes n you and ignore them, you changed your appearance to another, someone they wouldn't know, but you keep your eyes and stare at Art. You send him a message. *Why... Why do this? Why do this to everyone?* You look away and disappear in the crowd. The people keep talking. "She looks interesting." A man... probably the leader...

"Oh, does she?" A woman, with a birthmark... Seems like she is second in command.

"Is that so..." Art, he is going to be a figurehead. You sigh and walk over to a bar. "Would you like a cookie?"

"No..."

"Oh, I insist." You take one and take a bit, it was made with a Minimum. You can taste it. The danger. He looks at you expectantly.

You walk out quickly to Art's place. Then you collapse on the ground crying at the idiocy, the mindless drones... Then.. you realize... *I love Art...*

9. Side Story! The Connection! (Sexual)

This is just a side story between you and Art. You two are in a relationship (time period is unknown). Inspired by something I read. This is a bit sexual.

"Hey, Art, you know that girl we met? The one who told us we lacked romance?"

"Yes..." He looks a bit depressed to hear that.

"Well, it turns out that she was a Minimum holder..."

"Oh, what was her Minimum?"

"Apparently, she can connect two people by the mouth. Here, taste this." You are in the midst of making lunch. "KYA!" Your back arches.

"Are you okay?!"

"Yeah, I'm.. fine..." *Don't tell me... that whenever Art eat's something... I might feel it...* "Uhhh... Art, can you eat this piece of candy?" You hand him a small hard candy. "Why?"

"I need to test something..."

"Okay." He places on candy in him mouth and you wince and cling onto his sleeve. "Art... I think... We-" He moves the candy around his mouth. "ART!" Your body moves closer to him. "STOP THAT!"

"What? What is it?" He keeps places the candy around his mouth. "KYA! I- I need... to go... to my room...We got connected."

"How?" You avoid the question and walk to your room. You need to lie down, you still feel everything. "ART! SPIT OUT THE CANDY!" You're breathing heavily by now.

"Okay. I got it." You hear him slowly push down the lever for the trash, but closes it. You know he still has the candy in your mouth and you feel the movements with him eating it.

"A-A-ar-ART!"

"Wait..." You hear him walk into the room, continuing to eat the candy. "Interesting." He places the candy between his teeth. "Ahhh! A-hah.. Ar-...ahhh... Art... is this funny to you?" You look at him, feeling weak. He remains silent and continues to move around the candy. "ART! ART! Don'T! Hah, ART! Please... pl- plea- please... sto-stop... this..." You continue to breath heavily, unsure of how to feel. Your body is reacting to whatever it is. "Oh, are you begging me?"

"Ple-please..." You feel drool running down the side of your mouth and sweat all over your body. You look at Art and see his eyes toying with you. "N-no.. sto-st-stop... do-doing this..."

"I'm not doing anything."

"I'm going to ki-" He crushes the candy. "Kya~!" You breathe extremely heavily, "Please... Pl-please... Sto-stooooooppp..." You moan, your body reacting on it's own. He moves the candy pieces around his tongue, until they melt in his mouth. He starts to walk away and you grab his sleeve. "I'm going to ge-get revenge..." You let go and fall asleep.

Art:

That was fun, I rarely get to mess with her... I sit down on her bed and watch her sleep, she looks so peaceful. Her breathing seems to even out eventually... So, that is what the Minimum does... I laugh quietly, and she grabs my sleeve in her sleep and muffles. *She thinks I'm a blanket*

To you: The next morning you smile evilly. Art looks at you confused.
"What are you up to?"

"Revenge." You pop a hard candy in your mouth and twist it around. He reacts the same. But it may be much more stronger.

"St-stop..." You lean against a wall and pull out something. "N-NO!"
It's gum.

The affects wore off in a couple days. XD I hope you liked this. It was a bit dirty.. But no mention of you know.. So.. yeah... ^
^

10. Chapter Eight Admitting

You don't really know what happened the next couple days, but eventually, you knew, it was all gong to end very badly... You got up, changed, and decided, *I need to use my Minimum...* You go find out many things, Hajime-chan was kidnapped, the flower woman, Art. You know it will all end soon. Very soon...

You run to Art, and eventually, you find him. However, you make sure he is alone. "Art!" He looks at you, surprised.

"How did you find me?"

"Don't worry about it."

"What do you want?" That cold tone, you flinch at it.

"I want you to stop this..."

"Why? What does it matter to you?"

"Just- don't do it.."

"Why do you care? What do you know? This doesn't pertain to you."

"It- does I-"

"You have no importance here."

"Art-"

"Don't act like you know me!" He yelled at you. You feel the tears well up again.

"It does pertain to me..."

"How?" His voice quiets down, seeing your tears. "What do you know? You just stayed with me. Albeit for some time, but you know nothing."

"I love you... I know, I already know about this... I-" You hear someone coming and run, before you leave you kiss Art on the cheek and run.

I need to help stop this... You are able to locate Nice. You run to

where he is.

Nice "I just want you to tell me everything." You hear him say that, you listen to it all. However, it does not apply to you. You wait, they move. You go to Hajime-chan's location, you see it all. You are everywhere yet nowhere. Existing, yet not. *Nice and Murasaki are on the move...* You walk down to the where Art is. "Well, this is a surprise."

"Yuki?" You sigh and look at him, he had just killed the leader. "What are you doing here?"

"That isn't my name..."

"What?"

"That isn't my name!" Nice rushes in.

"Art!" You see the change in Art's eyes, the intent. Water rushes in and tries to attack Nice. You step in and take a lot of the attack.

"Don't do it...Don't..." Hajime-chan is here. No.. No..Art.. Don't! He rushes to Nice and stabs him. Hajime-chan runs over. "NO!" You try and hold it back, but, even you are not strong enough. You feel the impact. "Yuki!" Art rushes to you. "Hey, I guess this is goodbye..."

"What are you talking about? I just erased all the Minimums..?" You give him a painful look, you can't get up, he places your head on his lap.

"You, are a Minimum Holder...?"

"Y-yeah.." Blood runs down your mouth from the earlier hits. "I am, I didn't.. -tell.. you.. because... You.. hated them."

"No-no, that's impossible.. It really can't be possible."

"It is.. how-how.. do you think.. I found you?"

"What- What Minimum? Why? Is this..?"

"Art, I might not have enough time... to tell you..."

"Why not?"

"Taking away my Minimum... Takes away my life..." You gather up all your strength. "Art, I'm going to transfer my memories... I don't know what will happen."

"How-?" You kiss him, that is the only way, and after you transfer it all, you drop, losing conscious. You feel your life force fade away.. *Ah, I never told him my name... I wonder... if this time... I can have another chance... I wonder...* You feel that same familiar feeling, the feeling of death. You don't die normally, your body is not present, but you never know if you will get another chance. You feel the wind, blowing away, and Art grasping on, trying to hold on to what is left, you feel warmth, and then, nothing...

CLIFFHANGER! XD I will try and update as soon as possible, but I promise, that your backstory may be very interesting.. It may not.. Maybe the mysteries will be solved? What knows? Also, many questions will be answered in the newest chapter.

11. Chapter Nine (Cheshire Part One)

You feel your spirit leave your body, and enter Art's mind.

Hello..

Who is his?! His panic spreads and then worry.

It's me Art...

How did you get here?

Shhh, let's see your past... You join him through his memories. His little brother Skill. *Ah, here he was... The sweet little boy... So Skill was his name...*

How do you know him?

We met once, once, a long time ago... You see the pain, the anguish, the jealousy Art felt... *Hey, do you think it was right?*

Right?

To do this.. To hurt him by not saying anything? He remains silent... *I see. So, here you kill your brother, and forget it all...* You continue looking as the memories flood by. "I killed him.. with my own two hands..." He is speaking with the woman who owns the flower birth mark. *Art... it I must walk away for now, I will continue to look... But, just be careful...*

Wait, how did you get here? What do you mean? WAIT! You slowly feel your spirit walk out into the open, with Nice and Art... Nice and Art fight... You see Skill, and Nice together, fighting for one goal... To save someone. *Skill, are you happy now?*

Yeah, Cheshire, I am happy now...

I'm glad, I'll be sure to keep watching your brother. He smiles as he fades. You chuckle as you see Nice telling Art to live, to accept his brother's love... Yes, that is his ego. You watch as Art finally gives in, and you sense that woman has been dead for a bit. You slowly walk back into Art's conscious. Staying there, without making a sound...

You stay there fr a while, in his mind.. It has been a month. So you speak up. *Hey, Art?*

Who?

It's me...

Who?

If you have forgotten, I will leave...

You're dead, I saw it, you are just a figment in my mind. You walk out into the open, and show yourself, though your face is only visible. *I'm dead am I?*

That doesn't- you- You laugh, *I never got to tell you anything, huh?*

No.. You didn't... You died...

Well, when I kissed you, I left my memories behind, sort of like a movie. You are there, but not there. Like my Minimum.

What is your Minimum? What is your name? You stand next to him and touch his hand.

You'll see.. but you have to be patient, when you sleep. I will come to you, it will be a very long nap. Almost like a nightmare...

Why a nightmare?

You'll see. You go back into his mind and wait.. Just like for the last month. You wait. *Ah, he is asleep.* You find his spiritual body, and shake it awake. *Art. ART!*

Hm? What?

You wanted to know, right?

How? But, I'm awake..?

This is your conscious, or rather, spirit. Follow me. You start walking, through, looking for the memories you gave him.

So who are you? Truly? What is your Minimum? How do you know Skill?

I will answer the first question, and only the first one.

Why?

The others will answer themselves.

What is your name?

My name that nasty "school" gave me was Cheshire.

Okay, so, Cheshire, why tell me it was Yuki?

Cheshire is dangerous.

How?

I am the top graduate

I thought that was Ni-

No, I am the top, they couldn't just give it out. They need someone who be a fake top. My Minimum is dangerous.

How is it-?

Shhhh, it's starting! You see the memories start to flood by.

We're starting from what I can remember You're birthday was a mystery, never known, never said. However, not because you were not cared for... it was because of when. You were not born in the recent time periods. You were born a long time ago. Well, at least the first version of you. For as long as you remember, you were something similar to the first one. But, you are the first one. Everywhere, yet nowhere. Your mother tried her best to make payments to the man who owned the home. She had to prostitute, your father, he was a very handsome, wealthy man. Your hair becomes his color when you use Minimums, white. You were quiet. Your father avoided seeing you, but dropped by books. He would bring wonderful books from his travels. You loved reading them. But, your life could not be so peaceful, your mother was beaten to death by one of her clients. You fell into a hole of regret. I want to start over... I want to try again... This isn't right... Yes, you could start over, you could try again.. but it would never be the same... You realized when you awoke. It was not a small bed.. but a cold basement floor. You heard screaming and glass breaking. You tried to go up, but it was locked... I want to go up... I want to se- the door was forced open by you. You walk around and see what seems to be your mom. You reach out but- "BEAST! FREAK! GET AWAY! GET AWAY!" No... This isn't what I wanted... You kept roaming, and roaming... until you found what seemed to be your mother.. What seemed to be right... However... You could not be more mistaken... *What do you mean by that? How many lives have you lived?*

Art... I have to be honest with you... I don't know... Just.. listen to the rest okay? These next few parts are important...

End
file.